















C. R. B. T. B. a. L. d. g. r.  
P. o. t. a. e. f.

Audenarde Belgium  
Nov. 11 1918

# “I WAS THERE”

WITH THE YANKS  
ON THE WESTERN FRONT  
1917-1919

BY  
C. LEROY BALDRIDGE  
PVT. A. E. F.

TOGETHER WITH VERSES  
BY  
HILMAR R. BAUKHAGE  
PVT. A. E. F.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Press

1919

1527  
B2

COPYRIGHT, 1919  
BY  
C. LEROY BALDRIDGE



NOV -4 1919



Price \$3.00, net

©CL A536416



## TO OUR MOTHERS

Ours the Great Adventure,  
Yours the pain to bear,  
Ours the golden service stripes,  
Yours the marks of care.

If all the Great Adventure  
The old Earth ever knew,  
Was ours and in this little book  
'Twould still belong to you!



## These Sketches

were made during a year's service as a camion driver with the French army in the Chemin-des-Dames sector and a year's service with the A.E.F. as an infantry private on special duty with "The Stars and Stripes," the official A.E.F. newspaper. Most of them were drawn at odd minutes during the French push of 1917 near Fort Malmaison, at loading parks and along the roadside while on truck convoy, and while on special permission to draw and paint with the French army given me by the Grand Quartier Général during the time I was stationed at Soissons. The rest were drawn on American fronts from the Argonne to Belgium as my duties took me from one offensive to another.

It has been a keen regret to me that my artistic skill has been so unequal to these opportunities. The sketches do not sufficiently show war for the stupid horror I know it to be.

I hope, however, they may serve as a record of doughboy types, of the people he lived with in France, with whom he suffered and by whose side he fought.

Many appeared first in "The Stars and Stripes," "Leslie's Weekly," and "Scribner's Magazine," through the courtesy of whose editors I am now enabled to reprint them.

C. K. Roy Baldridge  
Private, Am. E. F.

June 1919



I WAS THERE

Sunny  
France



Warming up  
the "corned  
willy" over  
"corned  
heat"  
(solidified  
alcohol)



Rain  
overhead  
and  
mud underfoot



Baldioys Near Montfaucon 18



The Lank

C. L. R. Baldridge  
Pvt A.E.T. 19

Fighting  
Trim



C. E. Roy Baldridge





Seicheprey.  
America's old home sector  
-first trappers entirely under  
their own command

Seicheprey  
America's old home sector.

C. L. Roy Baldridge April '19

## THE LINE

Form a line!

Get in line!

From the time that I enlisted  
And since Jerry armististed  
I've been standing, kidding, cussing,  
I've been waiting, fuming, fussing,  
In a line.

I have stood in line in mud and slime and sleet,  
With the dirty water oozing from my feet,  
I have soaked and slid and slipped,  
While my tacky slicker dripped,  
And I wondered what they'd hand me out to eat.

Get in line!

For supplies and for inspections,  
With the dust in four directions,  
For a chance to scrub the dirt off,  
In the winter with my shirt off,  
In a line.

I have sweated in an August training camp,  
That would make a prohibition town look damp,  
Underneath my dinky cap  
While the sun burned off my map  
And I waited for some gold-fish (and a cramp!).

Get in line!

For rice, pay-day, pills, and ration,  
For corned-willy, army fashion,  
In Hoboken, in the trenches,  
In a station with the Frenchies,  
In a line.

I've been standing, freezing, sweating,  
Pushing, shoving, wheezing, fretting,  
And I won't be soon forgetting  
Though I don't say I'm regretting  
That I stood there, with my buddies,  
In a line.



Pt. C. Le Roy Baldridge  
R. E. F. 78

# The lids we wear =







He used to  
hunt rabbits  
in Kentucky

Chas Roy Balding

—  
The job  
that's never  
ended  
—

Cleaning  
up for  
inspection





First time in two weeks!

C. E. Hoyle Dalby, N.Y.

Montreal





See Mary

The letter from home

reading



### The Ration Detail

a job which no one relishes. Each day, the other fellows' artillery tries to lay down a fire which will keep these boys from getting back. They travel to where their supply company has dumped the food from mule carts - the point nearest front where creaking wheels may go. The man in the center is carrying a string of French loaves, the round, black variety, common before we got our own bakeries started.







Baldridge, 1918.

The Headquarters Company of the Reserve Mallet taking its bath at Chavigny Farm. The tub is a tin-lined cigarette box used by the 4th M. C. A. Water is heated in the old farm fire-place.

## “PREPARE FOR ACTION”

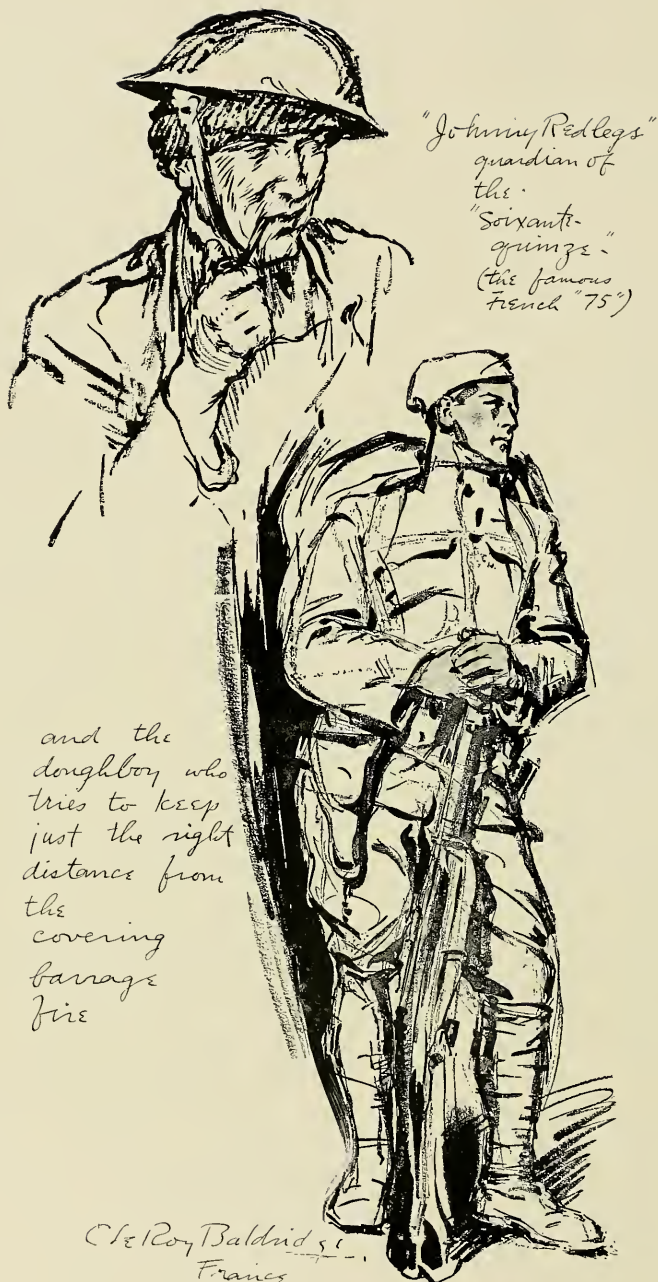
I ran into Johnny Redlegs  
A-sitting on his bus,  
And I asked him why the devil  
He dropped half his shells on us.  
He just smiles and puffs his corn-cob,  
As peaceful as a Persian,  
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can’t blame me,  
You gotta blame dispersion.”

I says to Johnny Redlegs,  
“If I didn’t have nine lives  
Your barrage would have got me  
With those lousy seventy-fives.”  
He grins and puffs his corn-cob,  
And then he winks, reflective,  
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can’t blame me  
If you pass your damn objective.”

I says to Johnny Redlegs  
(Just kidding him, you know),  
“The trouble with your popgun is  
She pops too gol-darned slow.”  
Then Redlegs drops his corn-cob  
And spits on both his han’s,  
And, “Buddy,” says he, “you can kid with me  
And the whole damned Field Artilleree,  
But there’ll be a dud where you used to be  
If you kid my swasont-cans!”



"I know a girl at home who looks just like you  
6 June



"Johnny Redlegs"  
guardian of  
the  
"soixanti-  
quatre"  
(the famous  
French "75")

and the  
doughboy who  
tries to keep  
just the right  
distance from  
the  
covering  
barrage  
fire

C. E. Roy-Baldridge  
France





The Bugs"-  
Two men, French style tanks



—  
An Indian  
M. P.  
—

"A Chance  
to get "  
even"  
—

Baldwin





A Survival  
of the old  
regular army

C Le Roy Baldridge



(Lt Roy Baldridge)

—  
Among the  
first  
sent  
across  
—

They served  
with the French  
in '17



*Reading their shirts*



Her boy too -





American and French field artillery gun crews camped together in a wood near Chassemy. The canvas overhead keeps the fire from being observed by aeroplanes at night.



Using a  
shell-shocked  
tree for  
a telegraph  
pole.

## The linesman at the front

Same old job  
with just a  
couple percent  
more risk  
than usual



St. Mihiel  
1918



# Dumb Beasts

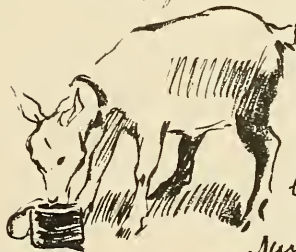


In the  
Missouri  
draft



Wagon train  
trucks = "Maud"  
and "Mud"

Former refugee  
- now mascot  
and the  
only



man  
in the  
outfit  
who  
likes  
mowing meat

Yanks  
with  
French  
Type  
of  
Anti-  
Aircraft

C. LeRoy Ballbridge





The  
Aeroplane  
Fight

C. Le Roy Balbridge  
1917

## RELIEF

z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-e-e-e-E-E - - - - - b Boom!

There's another!

God, this pack is heavy.  
Glad I pinched the extra willy,  
Guess I'll need it.  
And the sweater, too,  
out there.

-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-E-E-E-EEEEEE- - b Boom!

There's another!

Jesse! that was a close one.  
Wonder if.....good Christ! Where's Charlie?  
Got him clean. God curse those Jerries!  
I'll get even, — p'rap —  
out there.

z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-E-E-E-E-e-e- - - - - b Boom!

There's another!

Over!

Well, if one has my name on it  
Then the guv'ment pays ten thousand.  
What's the use? I couldn't spend it.  
Leastways not —  
out there.

z-z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-e-e-e-e-E-E-E-E- - - b Boom!

There's another.

Where'd I put that plug of Climax?  
Oh, I s'pose somebody swiped it.  
Gee, I never thought that Charlie...  
Glad I ain't out on the wire.  
This damn trench is dark — ouch! Damn it,  
Wait a minute.... Hell, I'm coming,  
I can't run in this equipment.  
What the hell's the rush to get —  
out there?



## The Relief

Coming up to the  
front lines through  
the communication  
trenches, which  
extend a kilometer  
or so. On these  
occasions little  
love is lost on  
"beautiful moon-  
light nights"

C. Le Roy Baldridge 1918







(L. Roy Baldridge)

The roofs of Vuux  
after a few minutes of Yukon  
hazards lifted.



"The Germans have gone!"

Baldrige  
St. Michael



The spell hole  
Central



On  
Guard





The non-combatant—

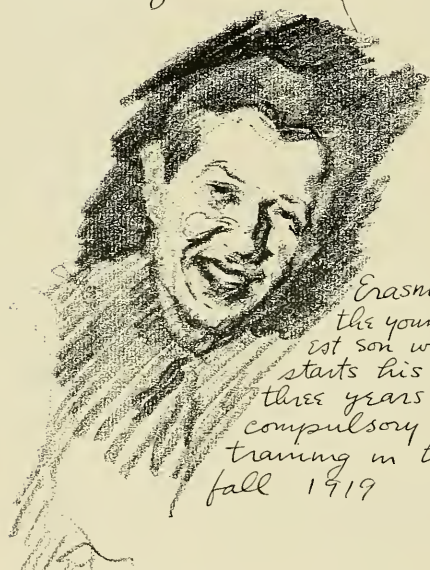
The family with whom I  
lived in Soissons



In 1870  
Grandpère  
was taken as a  
prisoner to  
Coblenz



Madam  
Framary  
who sewed on  
my buttons  
and who  
transformed  
miserable  
French  
army  
rations  
into  
marvelous  
dishes



Erasmé,  
the young-  
est son who  
starts his  
three years of  
compulsory  
training in the  
fall 1919



The eldest son  
After his three  
years of training  
he was called to war.  
He has never come  
back.

C. de Roy-Baldudze - Soissons - 1918





*Chs Roy Baldridge*  
 France 1917

Awaiting the signal to  
 attack. The sergeant is  
 ready to blow the whistle  
 for his squad to follow  
 him out through a path  
 in the barbed wire. In  
 another minute they  
 will advance close  
 behind the bursting shells  
 of a heavy barrage which,  
 lifting, will leave them  
 free to face with German  
 machine guns.



"American Field Service"  
drivers at Longpont/1917



Noyon 1918

The Paris Bus  
 many kilometers from the Place de l'Opéra -  
 used for transporting troops, horses, and fresh meat to the front



## FATIGUE

You can see 'em in the movies,  
With the sunlight on their guns,  
You can read in all the papers  
Of the charge that licked the Huns,  
You can read of "khaki heroes"  
And of "gleaming bayonet,"  
But there's one thing that the writers  
And the artist all forget:

That's me!  
On K. P.  
In my suit of denim blue  
I am thinking — not of you —  
But the places where I'd like the top to be!

On the posters in the windows,  
In the monthly magazine,  
Are the boys in leather leggings  
Such as Pershing's never seen;  
Oh, they love to paint 'em pretty,  
All dressed up and fit to kiss, —  
Ain't it funny there's a picture  
That they always seem to miss?

Bless me soul,  
Loading coal!  
In my little shimmy-shirt,  
Eyes and mouth full up with dirt —  
(In the next war I'll be living at the Pole.)



Chas Roy Baldridge

—  
Built  
for  
speed  
—



and with  
light pack  
to match  
—

P.B.  
Belleau Wood  
• 1918  
A Marine



Baldrige  
Paris 1919

"Steady, buddy!"



Never too far  
gone for a  
smoke



But he wears the Legion of  
Honor and the "croix de  
guerre" —





The "Territorial"  
the name given  
French people  
between the ages  
of 34 and 40

C. R. Baldry  
Vailly - 1917

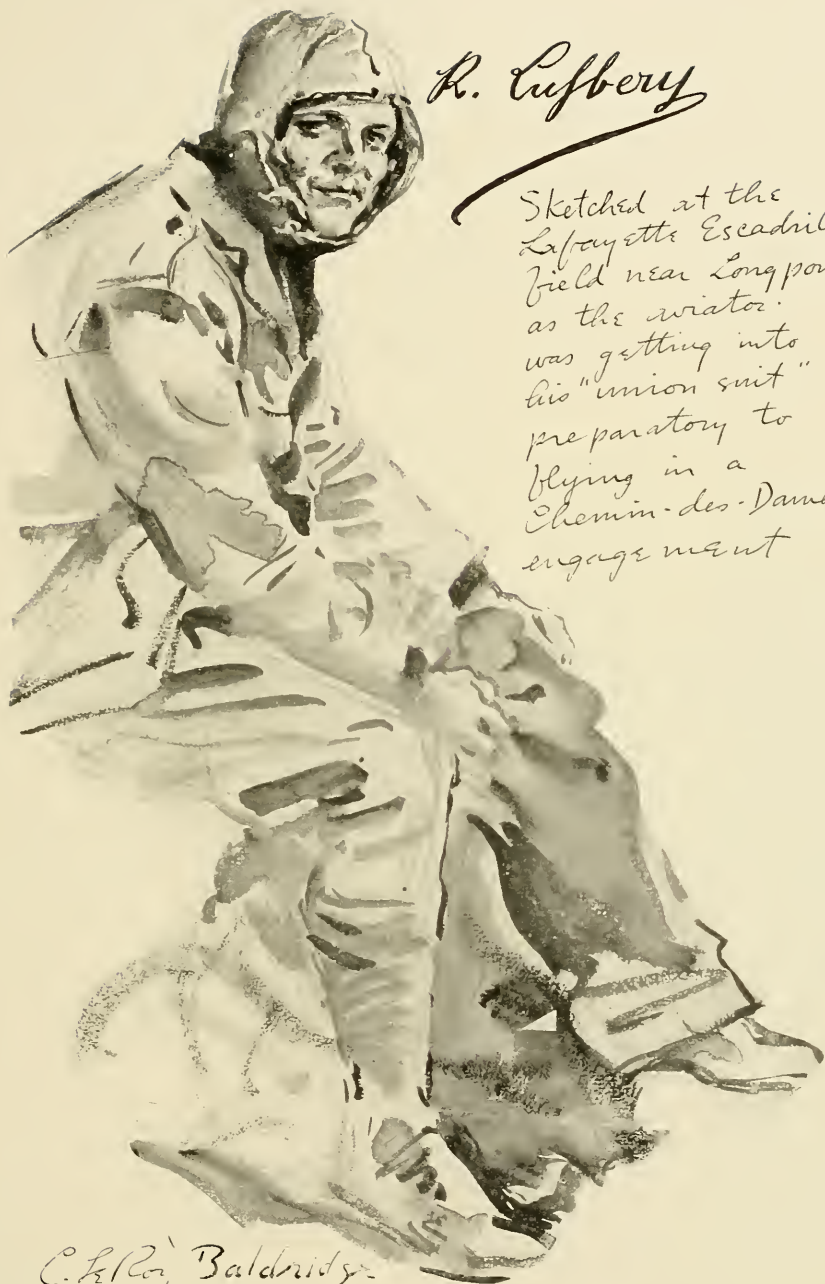




In an abri waiting  
for the "Gothas" (big German planes) to go home



The veteran  
of the Spanish-  
American war  
tells 'em  
how it  
ought to  
be done



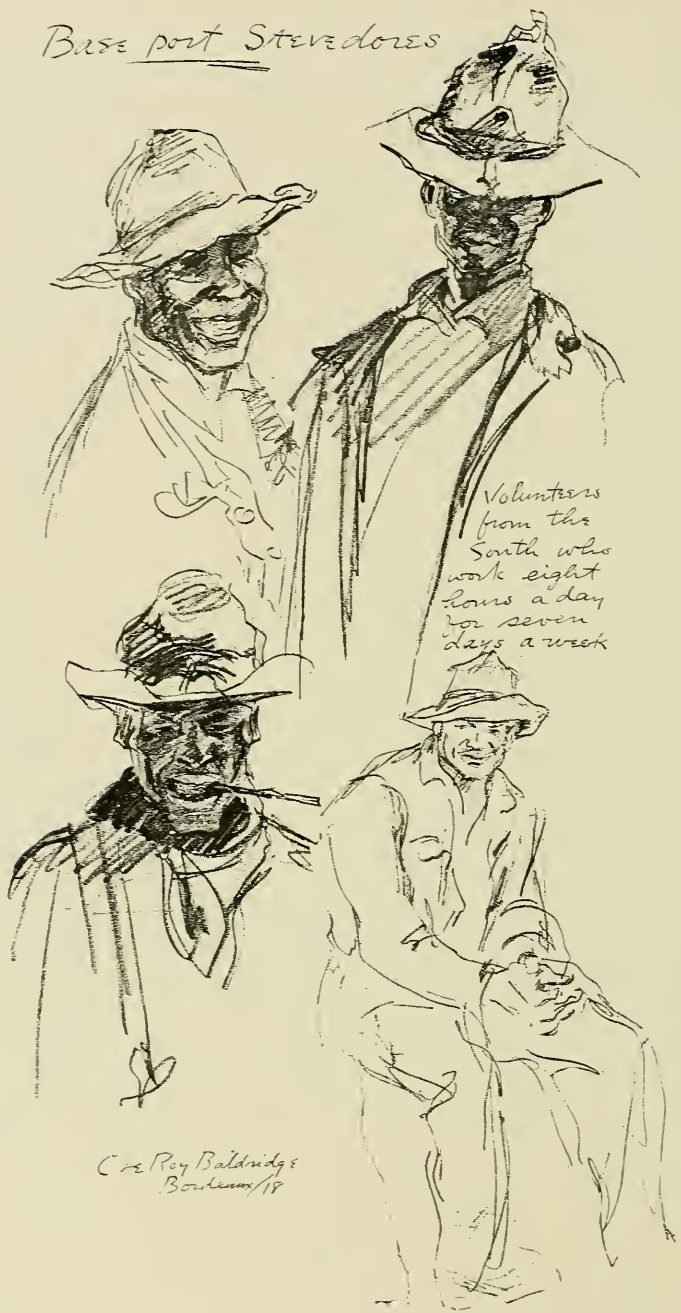
R. Cufbery

Sketched at the  
Lafayette Escadrille  
field near Longpont  
as the aviator  
was getting into  
his "union suit"  
preparatory to  
flying in a  
Chemin-des-Dames  
engagement

C. L. R. Baldridge



Base port Stevedores





A 26. Pioneer Wagon Train  
moving toward Tucson,  
March and Prairie Schooner in  
a country made desert by war.



C. Le Roy Baldridge

The end of his service

Veterans  
of the  
Marne



C. Le Roy Baldridge Pvt Inf

## POILU

When we left the transport  
Back in St. Nazaire,  
Second thing you asked us, —  
“Quand finit la guerre?”  
Didn't know your lingo  
You weren't hard to get,  
Peace was what you wanted —  
And a cigarette.

Then up in the trenches  
It was just the same,  
“When's it going to finish?”  
Didn't seem quite game.  
Then we saw you strafing,  
Saw we had you wrong,  
Wondered how you stood it  
Four years long.

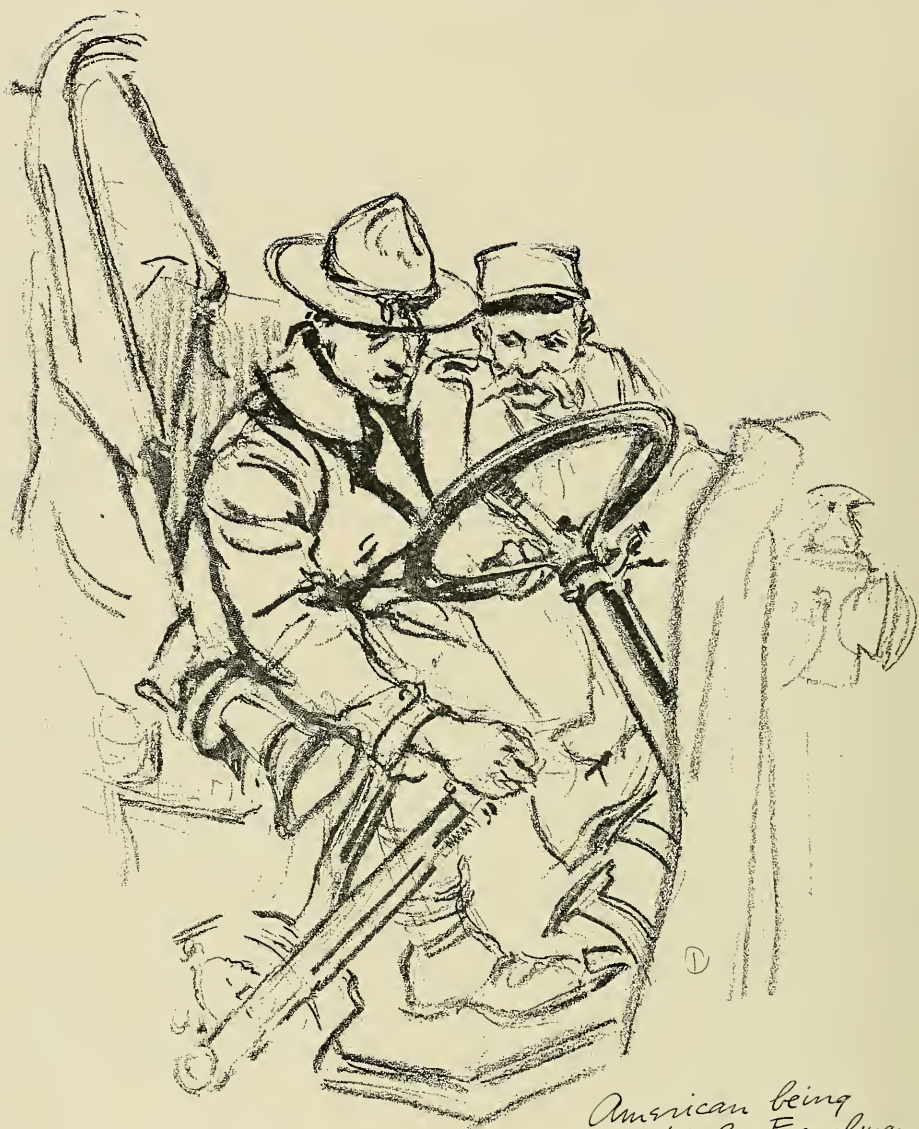
Drank your sour pinard,  
Shared what smokes we had,  
Got to know you better,  
Found you weren't so bad,  
Four years in the trenches!  
(One's enough, I'll say)  
How the hell'd you do it  
On five sous a day?





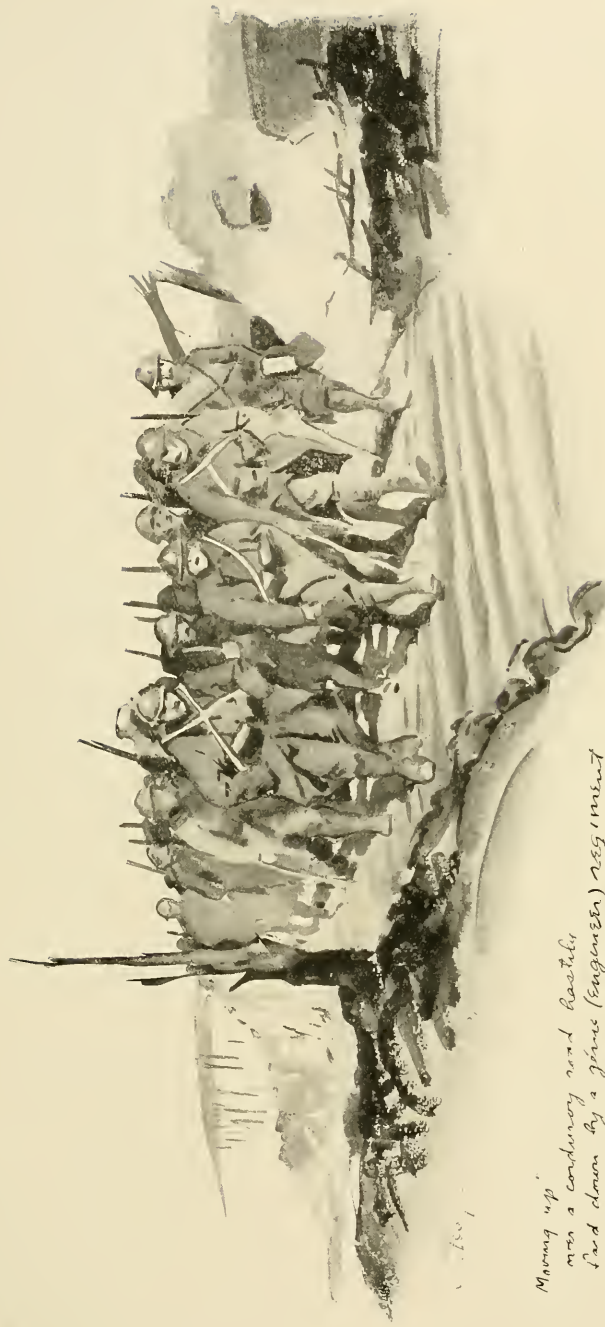
Chemin des Dames 47

Pot. C Le Roy, Baldrige



Chas Roy Baldridge  
France 17

American being  
taught by Frenchman  
to drive truck so  
that the latter  
may return to  
his farm.



Moving up  
 over a cornucopia road Rastide  
 and down by a pine (engineer) regiment  
 in war-wasted land The piece  
 of wall on the right is all that  
 remains of a French village  
 of five hundred inhabitants.





بن عبد الله بن سريج  
Arabian Knight



ابراهيم بن ابي القاسم  
Between drives he  
works on the  
railroad

الكاجور بن عبد الله  
On other days  
he rides a  
camel in  
Algeria

Baldridge







1917

Senegalese types  
volunteers used for  
the attack and for  
labor on roads

C. Le Roy Baldridge  
vaily 1917



The annoucer  
-poulu priest  
who marches  
with the  
troops



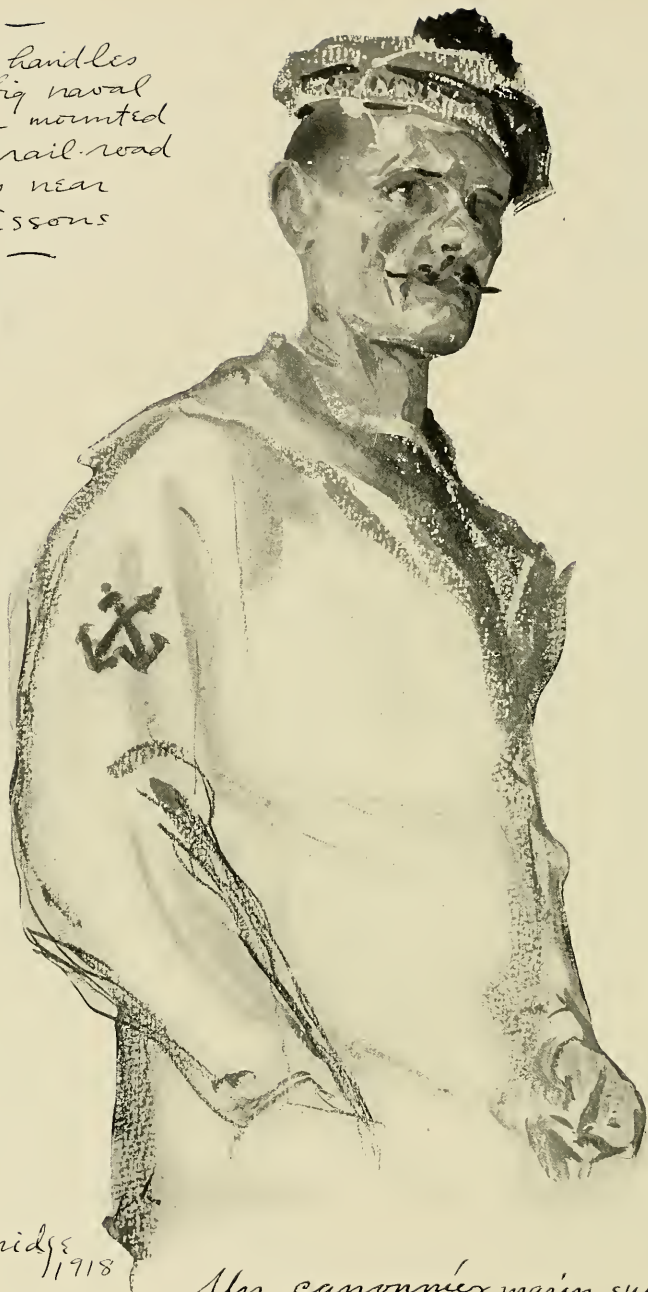
Of the  
youngest  
class



C. LeRoi Baldridge 1917  
Moulins Lafjoux

2 fathers  
of the class  
189

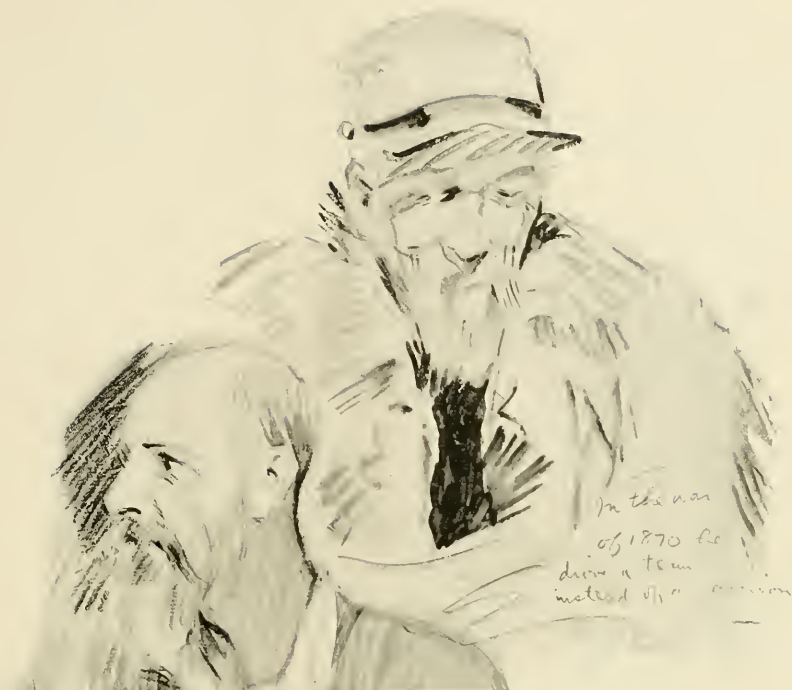
—  
He handles  
a big naval  
gun mounted  
on rail-road  
cars near  
Soissons  
—



Baldrige  
1918

Un canonnier marin sur le front





### French "Corvée" Laborers.

Too old to serve in the active army and so assigned to the more unromantic, uninteresting but vital work of loading camions, tending horses, or building and repairing roads back of the lines. It has been said that the first battle of Verdun was won by the camion service. This is the kind of man who made that victory possible.





E. Roy Baldridge  
France 1917

Toul sector days -  
Waiting for something to  
happen -

*An grand blessé*



*A Medal  
for Valor*



*A wounded Chasseurs  
and  
'Fritz' who has the next cot.  
They get the same treatment and  
neither seems to mind the proximity*

*Meaux*

*Baldwin 17*





An American ambulance at  
a poste de secours (first aid station)  
Ostel - 1917



An old trench  
in the Argonne near Montfaucon



## THAT QUIET SECTOR

Four hours off — two hours on —  
And not a thing to do but think,  
And watch the mud and twisted wire  
And never let your peepers blink.

Two hours on — four hours off —  
The dug-out's slimy as the trench;  
It stinks of leather, men, and smoke, —  
You wake up dopey from the stench.

Four hours off — two hours on —  
Back on the same old trick again,  
The same old noth'n' to do at all  
From yesterday till God knows when.  
On post or not it's just the same,  
The waiting is what gets your goat  
And makes you want to chuck the game  
Or risk a trench-knife in your throat.

Two hours on — four hours off —  
I s'pose our job is not so hard, —  
I s'pose sometime we're going to quit —

. . . . .

The ghosts we leave — do they stand guard?





P. L. C. Le Roy, Baldrige, France



The water wagon  
filled with red-hot  
coffee going to the  
ration dump via  
shell fire and  
not losing any  
time about  
it - (Outside Belleau  
wood - June '18)



He's been on  
every front from  
Chateau-Thierry  
to the Rhine

CHRY Baldwin

Coblenz - 1919







After the German Retreat  
Clearing up old quarry  
used by Fritz as a  
sanctuary - Chemin des Dames



C. K. Coz Baldridge

"Wagon Soldiers"  
(nickname for artillerymen)



Made in America



# "Marraines" (godmothers)

who kept their  
poilu godsons  
at the front in  
good cheer with  
letters and pack-  
ages from home,  
and who took  
their Yank cousins  
to their hearts  
in the same  
kindly spirit



in Paris  
and the  
provinces

A type to match  
the ideal of every  
man who looks



Baldridge 1917





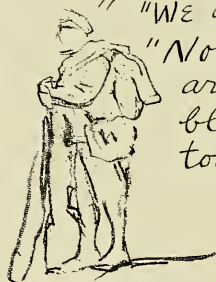
"Papa Perrin"  
Soissons  
1917

Ballin

No one knows where the poilu slang word "Pinard" came from, but everyone knows what it means. It's half way between water and red wine, with the kick mostly in the taste. It is served as an army ration. The poilu's canteen is always full of it.



"We aint no thin red 'eroes,  
"Nor we  
aren't no  
blackguards  
too, —"





One of the  
Agent-de-Ville = M. P.  
teams of Paris  
patrolling the  
boulevard. They  
have authority over both  
bank and police.

- C. Le Roy Baldridge -  
Paris 1919

Belgian  
Types



Le Roy Baldridge





The Tommy  
nontdiddler  
1918

Ch. R. B. Balhidge  
France 1918



In the month  
of July



C. H. Roy, Baldridge - France - 17

Caught by a star shell at a listening post, and attempting to "freeze" like a rabbit with the hunter upon him, to look as much like a lump of mud as possible until the glare dies down.







C. Le Roy Baldridge  
March 17

Americans transferred in the medicine  
monastery of Port St. Maurice

French Colonial  
Types

White,  
black,  
and  
half-  
way.



From  
Algeria



A Zouave



From Morocco

"Kamarad!"

Not  
Fulbright

The  
Interpreter

"P.G.s" (prisonniers de la guerre)  
who are keeping in  
physical trim by lumber  
work in a forest where once  
the kings of France took  
their morning walks

— Baldridge Croix St Owen

1918



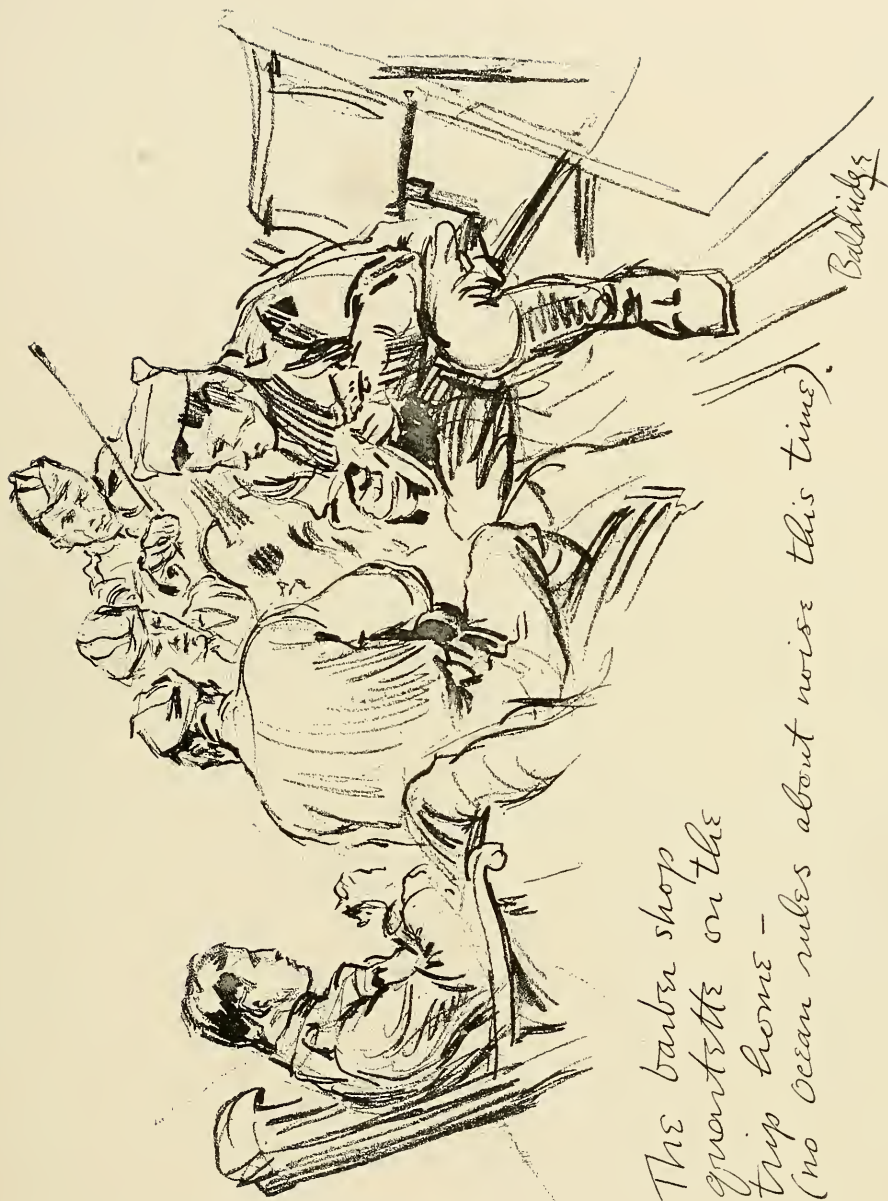


A Yank going on leave  
 having a midnight cup  
 of "vin rouge" in a compart-  
 ment of a Permissioinaire

Celebrating  
 en route - Nov/9/18

Train - with a soixante-quatre gunner, a sailor from a submarine, a  
 Chasseurs, an aviation sergeant, and several infantrymen. For the next  
 ten days of "permission" these men can forget war.





The barber shop  
quartette on the  
trip home -  
(no ocean rules about noise this time).

Baldridge



Coming Out!  
dirty, tired  
and  
grinning!

Baldridge

Chateau Thierry  
June - 1918



MAIL !  
Brought up  
to the front by the  
ration detail

Balbridge



Forty feet  
underground  
in an old stone  
quarry formerly  
used by the Germans  
as barracks.

Near Fort Malman.

W. B. Ladd  
1918





Ch. 12, Flaxbury

This is the cellar of her home. The house above  
no longer exists. For her living she washes  
clothes for the soldiers. Her daughter with two  
young children is a prisoner in Billy's room. A  
blind grandchild lives in the cave.



"Lui"



Poulet



This  
one  
has  
won three  
army  
citations



"la soupe"



lirison  
dog  
to  
carry  
messages



Red  
Cross  
dog



Jack-  
a  
Yank.  
volunteer



French dogs loaned by private families  
and trained by the army for use as Red Cross  
aids, sentinels, and message carriers.  
Intelligence the only qualification - any breed goes



Kénaro



Saïd



Two dogs  
who worked  
together at  
Verdun



Picard



Sultane



Marraine

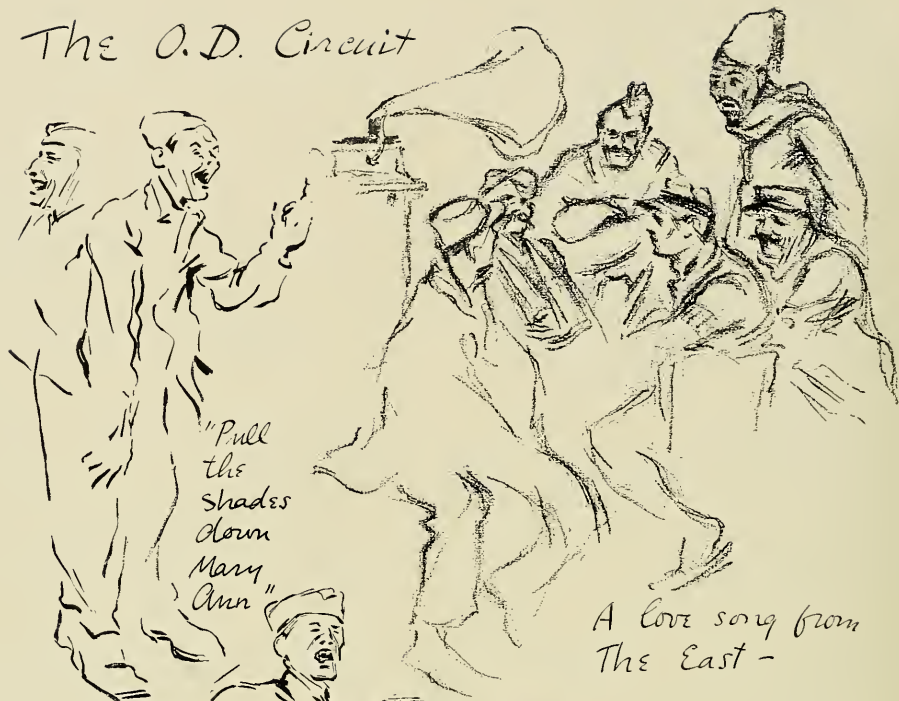


Filon



"Mort pour la Patrie"

# The O.D. Circuit



"Pull  
the  
shades  
down  
Mary  
Ann"

A love song from  
The East -



Our own  
jazz band





"Coming out" after "The Washington Birthday Raid" Chemin des Dames - 1918 -



origin of  
L. G.

An African Mohammedan,  
An Indo-Chinese Annamite  
and a prisoner  
who all crack  
kicks nine  
hours a day  
for the roads  
to France



Ch. Roy Baldridge



C. Roy Baldridge  
France  
1918







French  
Colonials  
from  
northern  
Africa  
used in  
shock troops

First regiment  
Zouave

Chester Baldridge  
France 18

## SALVAGE

I'll be stepping wide in these russet shoes!  
Leather putts beside, honest I can't lose!  
Guess the guy that had 'em left 'em in a hurry!  
What the hell, he's S. O. L.  
I should worry.

"That's my second razor!"  
"Then gimme the blades."  
"Whatcha got there, Buddy?"  
"Pair of tailor-mades!"

I'll be walking on air! Yes. . . they was the top's!  
He won't need 'em out there — if a big one drops.

"Going to keep that sweater?"  
"No, look at the dirt."  
"Put that on you, Buddy,  
"You'll have to read your shirt!"

If I get that leave I can use 'em to dance.  
Well, I should grieve, —he had his chance.

"Nothing doing! Beat it!  
"Saw that luger first!"  
"Ten francs says I want it."  
"Done. I'll cure this thirst."

Brand-new russet shoes, I'll be stepping high!  
Someone's got to lose, glad I ain't the guy.  
If I'm going to use 'em, guess I'll have to hurry,  
The next H. E. may be meant for me —  
I should worry!





The Gunner's Cottage





—  
In 1870 he lost an arm,  
in 1917 he lost a son  
and everything he owns

C G Roy Boddidge  
Fianco / 18

# Lafayette Escadulle Men -

Marius -  
who helps  
keep the  
big  
planes  
in  
order

Pilot



Loupont  
France  
Nov-17

Observer

Clay Baldridge





Ch. Coy Baldwin,  
France  
18

Making brooms from  
brushwood at Antibes  
for use on army  
roads.



The Signal Corps

Rt. C. Le Roy Baldridge  
France





France Aug. 1918

C. W. Roy Baldwin Esq. Pvt. Inf.

The gold star



Both under Arms

The "pepins" of  
the '89 class  
and the  
"Marie-Louise"  
of the  
last  
call

Clifford Bahlridge  
Soissons France '17

Café group of  
poilus listening to  
an American popular  
song for the first  
time, sung by Yanks  
of The American  
Field Service





Home

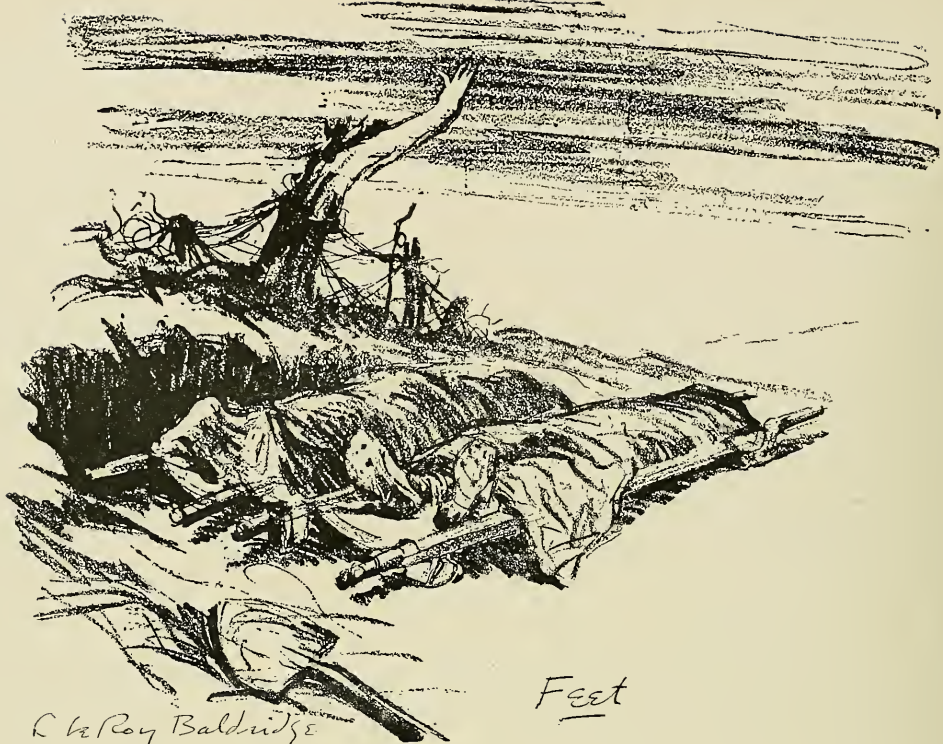
Le Roy Baldridge - 1900





Some of  
the first  
ones

C. R. B. Balbridge  
France 1918



C. Roy Baldridge

Feet

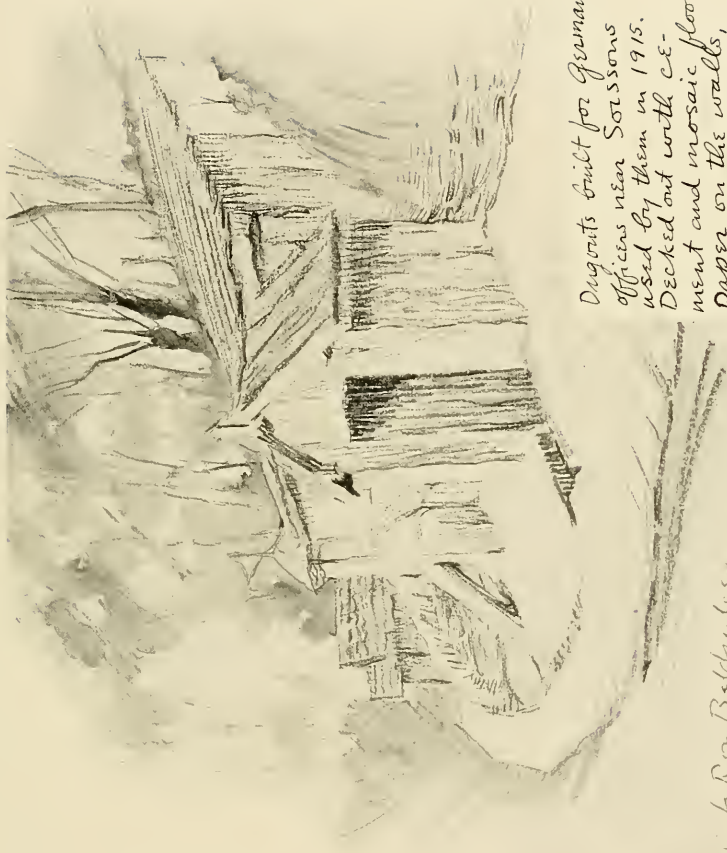


R.B.

Vaux - the town American  
artillery blew off  
the map together  
with the German  
inhabitants)

Dugouts built for German  
officers near Sorssons  
used by them in 1915.  
Decked out with ce-  
ment and mosaic floors,  
paper on the walls,  
tile roofs and  
stained glass win-  
dows. Used by  
our troops in 1918

1/2 R. y Belden, G. E. 1/2





Baldrige  
Am Hospital No 5

The American  
Trained Nurse





What one man  
is fighting for

C LeRoy Baldridge  
Soissons - 1917





Ch Roy Baldridge - A.E.F.

### "Once upon a time."

Before leaving France  
750,000 doughboys  
contributed enough to  
support 3,444 French  
war orphans for one  
year, and the "Stars  
and Stripes" newspaper  
left nearly three million  
francs toward their  
education.

# Annamites

French colonial  
troops from  
Indo-China

(Blackened  
teeth  
as an  
aid to  
health and  
beauty)



An  
Oriental  
pipe and  
a French  
briguette  
to light  
it with

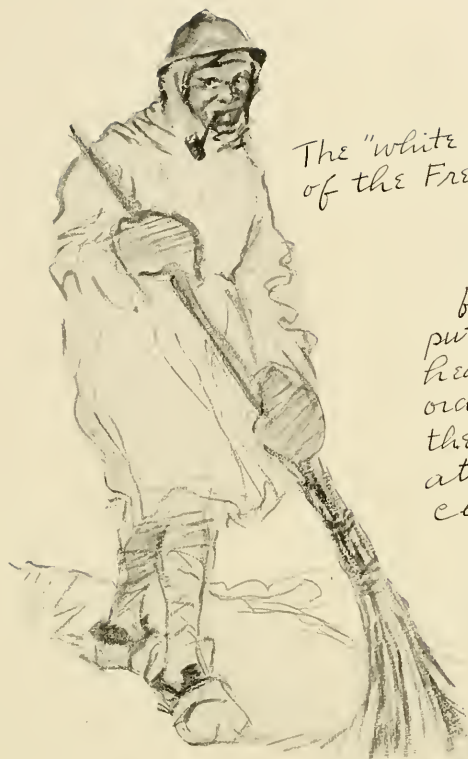


These paid col-  
onials were  
used as attack-  
ing troops, as  
labours on  
roads and  
as drivers  
of light  
trucks

Ce Sargent Tam  
Lizy - sur - Orne

(Le Roy Boldridge  
France • 1916





The "white wing"  
of the French front—

—  
but when he  
puts on his  
heavy marching  
order it means  
there's an  
attack  
coming



A king  
in his own  
country



Faldut 22

## EQUIPMENT C

The Loot is getting wabbly,  
With his dinky little pack, —  
He can hear the sergeant cussing  
But he doesn't dare look back.

But we ain't saying nothing  
Since we got the order "route,"  
Too dog-dead for even wond'ring  
If we'll ever hear "fall out."

My damn rifle and my helmet  
Keep on getting in the way,  
And my brains are numb and dopey  
Try'n' to cuss and try'n' to pray.

My throat's as dry as sawdust  
And my right arm's gone to sleep,  
And the pack-strap on my shoulder  
Cuts a slit two inches deep.

I just lift one foot and shove it  
And it hits most any place,  
Then I lift and shove the other  
T'keep from falling on my face.

If the guide should change the cadence  
I'll be damned if I could stop;  
If you pushed me with a feather —  
Well, I'd just curl up and drop.

And I know damn well there's stragglers  
That'll ride up on a truck —  
Guess if you ain't born a quitter,  
You're just simply outa luck.

I suppose we'll keep on going --  
Huh? The Skipper's faced about?  
Halt! . . . I'm dreaming. . . in the daisies. . .  
You don't need. . . to say. . . "fall out!"



Pot. C. LeRoy Baldridge



For some of us  
The war will  
never end.





Ch Roy Baldridge

Soissons - 1917

In an old Roman cellar two floors underground where civilians went during air raids as bombing planes passed over on their way to Compiègne, Paris, and interior cities. This "cave" was considered absolutely safe, but in October, 1918 was completely demolished by one "155" shell.



Mess and distribution  
of mail at the "iron-  
corn" school for the  
M. T. C. at Longpont

Chas. Roy Baldridge 1917



Far from Broadway - S. R. O. -  
Christmas 1917 at a Y.M.C.A. hut





Dressing a  
gas burn case





'Mission Americans'  
Compiling -  
Hospital for the  
Treatment of -

Chas. B. Bickel



Americans quartered  
in the old abbey  
St John de Vinc of  
Soissons in the  
spring of '18

Balbridge



All the Same Family  
 Henri, who tends  
 sheep with  
 his assistant,



Zerk



She  
 teaches  
 us French



Jean, who  
 comes around  
 at mess time  
 for "confiture  
 Americaine",  
 and who has  
 learned how  
 to say "chewing  
 gum" and  
"cigarette".



And Pierre picked  
 the spuds

Their last war



Baldridge-  
Chateau Thierry - France 1918





The town of Cuffies  
(sur Aisne) held by the  
Germans till 1916.  
When the old inhab.  
ants began moving  
back in; they were  
assisted in re-establishing  
their life there by the  
American Red Cross

The site of the  
House of Madam  
Crépin where the  
Red Cross set up a  
barrack cottage for  
her.





The glory of Reims

C. L. Baldridge  
Reims Nov. 11918



Cut off from rations  
for three days in the  
wood - with one can of  
tomatoes for both  
food and drink -





A sixteen year old  
volunteer





12, Balding -

## “MADELON”

It seemed years since I had seen one, —  
Years of hiking, sweat and blood,  
Didn't think there was a clean one  
In these miles of men and mud.

Well, I stood there, laughing, drinking,  
Kidding her in bon fransay  
But the things that I was thinking  
Were a thousand miles away.

Sewed my stripe on like a mother,  
Gee! She was a pretty kid. . . .  
But I left her like a brother, —  
Shake her hand was all I did.

Then I says: “Vous, all right, cherry —”  
And my throat stuck, and it hurt. . . .  
And I showed her what I carry  
In the pocket of my shirt.



(Maison Coutois)  
France

Prof. R. L. Roy Zwickler  
H.E.F.



A second floor  
billet



Outpost at  
Hersbach  
Germany

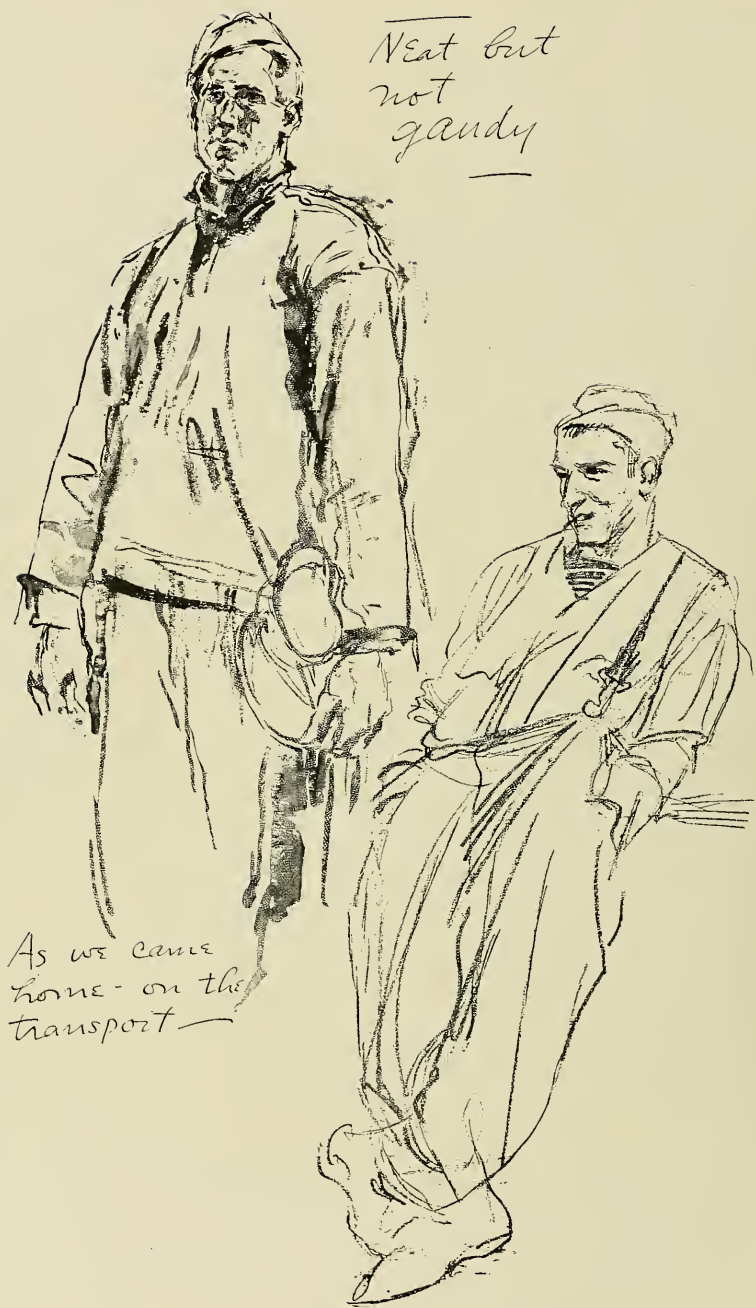


Madelon of the  
village, who washed  
our clothes - and  
who still has  
some of those we  
had to leave  
when we were  
pulled out  
of the sector  
in the middle  
of the  
night



C. Le Roy Baldrige

Neat but  
not  
gandy



As we came  
home - on the  
transport —



Troops coming home from  
Morocco go by way of Africa  
and stop to look at them.  
Here the doughboy meets the  
French Arab soldier with whom  
he fought side by side at  
Sousse.

Officer  
Hommes 4



France 1919  
Ready to go Home



Reading the Draft Covenant  
for The League of Nations-  
Paris: —



For C. H. R. P. D. L. D. G. S.  
Paris Conference  
Feb 14 1919

General Colonial Secretary - The President -  
Bliss House Lansing M. Clemenceau

Mr Balfour



Blue denim  
for the  
trip home

S. S. Canada  
1919



Baldridge  
Dec. 1918

Outpost at Molsberg, Germany,  
in ancient castle which stands  
just on the edge of the American  
occupied area and the Neutral  
Zone.

## NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

We stood up and we didn't say a word,  
It felt just like when you have dropped your pack  
After a hike, and straightened out your back  
And seem just twice as light as any bird.

We stood up straight and, God! but it was good!  
When you have crouched like that for months, to stand  
Straight up and look right out toward No-Man's-Land  
And feel the way you never thought you could.

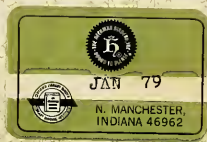
We saw the trenches on the other side  
And Jerry, too, not making any fuss,  
But prob'ly stupid-happy, just like us.  
Nobody shot and no one tried to hide.

If you had listened then I guess you'd heard  
A sort of sigh from everybody there,  
But all we did was stand and stare and stare,  
Just stare and stand and never say a word.

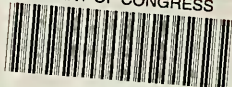








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 005 822 420 0

